

## The World

Published by the Press Publishing Company, No. 53 to 55  
Park Row, New York. Entered at the Post-Office  
at New York as Second-Class Mail Matter.

VOLUME 44.....NO. 15,367.

### GANG TERRORISM.

"It is impossible," said Inspector McClusky to a Sunday World reporter recently, "for the police to suppress the gangs. The best the department can do is to keep them under cover."

The statement makes mournful reading in the light of last Saturday's affray in Catharine street with its probably fatal outcome, and Tuesday night's encounter in Delancey street. A neighborhood terrified for five hours, curses, ribaldry, flying bullets, a grudge paid off with one dead and three wounded, one mortally! Apparently the gangs cannot even be "kept under cover."

In the recent history of the city there is no page more shameful than that chronicling gang outlaws. It is a disgraceful record. Within the past ten years how many murdered men have been buried from Hamilton street alone, the victims of gang vengeance? Is not the number nearly a dozen? In terrorism of the weak, in thieving and debauchery and in felonious assaults this banded "Bowery chivalry" of drunken ruffianism has been responsible for deeds that have left a lasting stain on the city's fame and will long serve as a reproach to its police.

### THE MAYOR'S SHORTCOMINGS.

The lack of a sense of humor is a serious defect in any man; how much more so in a public official? Mr. Jerome's allegation that Mayor Low possesses none of it—"not a scintilla, not a spark"—is a grave charge indeed. As the testimony of an expert in humor it is to be accepted as true.

Doubtless it is on the ground of this constitutional deficiency that many of the Mayor's shortcomings must be explained. Owing to his ignorance of humor the Mayor, so far as can be recalled, has never once gone sleuthing by night in the Tenderloin. He has never watched the glittering lights of dance halls and passed in and out over forbidden thresholds inconspicuously. He has never conducted an axe and battering ram expedition against a gambling-house, or smashed a pool-room safe, or led a paper chase after John Doe, or exploded rhetorical cannon crackers at public dinners. In all things he has proved the truth of the District-Attorney's charges. He has not even changed his residence to an east-side home, where he could be near the call of duty from the red-light region.

On the contrary, in his "egotism and self-complacency" the Mayor has busied himself with his direct duties. His "timidity" has kept him from making a show of himself. His "unlovable personality" has led him to seek seclusion from lime-light effects. He has not once availed himself of the numerous opportunities afforded him of playing to a gallery long ago a little tired of its regular performers.

He seems, indeed, wholly to deserve Mr. Jerome's arraignment.

### FASHION'S LAWS.

That arbiter of elegances for all Newport, the "smart set's" glass of fashion and mould of form, Harry Lehr, is said to have found himself unequal to the feat of abolishing the lapel buttonhole in sack suits.

Mr. Lehr contends that as the buttonhole bouquet is no longer worn with "business" suits the buttonhole has outlived its usefulness. But so have the two buttons in the small of the back on frock coats, since sword-belts went out of style. So have the buttons on the cuffs since men ceased to wear gauntlets. And he would be a rash innovator who would seek to secure their disuse.

The sartorial and haberdashery experts prognosticate few changes in man's attire for the fall and winter seasons. The new styles hinge on such details as larger lapels and the braid with which cutaway coats are bound, whether it shall be broad or narrow. Moreover, "a gentleman no longer wears a butterfly bow with evening clothes." The butterfly tie was, indeed, a degenerate descendant of the old neckcloth or our grandfathers. It had no dignity; at its best it merited the adjective "cute." The "straight tie not squeezed in the middle" is to replace it, and advantageously so.

More momentous news is the report that New York men are learning to wear "hats that are becoming to them," adopting the style best adapted to their features and retaining it in spite of the hat-makers' yearly change of blocks. This is an important departure from the old custom by which a man good looking in the style of one year might the next year resemble a freak.

### AT THE WRONG SCHOOL.

The Mayor of Stamford, Conn., conscious that he does not know as much as he ought about politics, has determined to enter Yale college and begin a three years' course of instruction to fit himself for the duties of a higher office. He will study political economy and kindred subjects.

Why should he go to a university where the instruction must necessarily be theoretical and so inferior to the practical, when by coming to New York he could secure the best tuition which the nation affords in applied politics? Here are professors than whom there are none more celebrated. Here are opportunities unsurpassed for the acquisition of inside information from demonstrators of acknowledged ability.

At Prof. Devery's clinic in the Ninth he could become well informed as to the uses and uselessness of yauville devices in politics—the empty-coal-bin-filling machine, the free-drinks, free-music, free-entertainment, "Big Tim" Sullivan could instruct him about chowder parties as an aid to elevating a man to a higher office, and there are post-graduate schools in Fourteenth street and on lower Broadway where he would have much to learn.

The city, in fact, provides many finishing courses of instruction by comparison with which Yale's must be regarded as but elementary.

Woe of Paper.—Car wheels have been made of paper; now we see to have umbrellas and perhaps hats. The list of articles of varied and substantial uses manufactured from this most perishable of substances is long and disconcerting.

## THE NOSE AND GRINDSTONE CLUB.

Conducted by  
UNCLE PEANUTBRITTLE  
(ROY L. MCARDLELL).



AMOS POSSELTWIZZLE.  
Restrained in the house by his cruel wife and forced to do housework, instead of attending the primaries.

AMOS is poor argument. All the answer the oppressive sex has made to our efforts to free men from marital tyranny is a vilification and vituperation. Read this:

You are an old villain that should have better sense than inciting husbands to riot and rebellion. Some wives have hard work breaking their husbands' spirits and taming them. After you incite rebellion the work has to be done all over again, and a woman has hardly time to go shopping more than four days a week. The reason men are in the position they are in because they deserve nothing else. There is nothing in the world a woman cannot do ten times better than a man.

Mrs. BERTHA BUCKSAUGH.  
We deny every statement made in Mrs. Bucks' letter, especially its closing paragraph.

To prove our contention we offer the following prizes:

First Prize.—For the woman who gets off a street car in a sane and safe manner, facing the front end.—A nobby suit of clothes consisting of coat, vest and trousers, of best material and workmanship.

Second Prize.—For the woman who can throw a stone at a hen and who propels the stone in the same portion of the compass in which the fowl is.—A box of high grade Havana cigars.

Third Prize.—To the two women who can resist the temptation of saying something unkind of a third woman who has just quit their company.—A genuine imitation nearsighted necktie.

There is our challenge! Let us hear from women with sense enough to get off a car, with skill enough to throw a stone at a hen without the stone falling behind the thrower, with enough generosity to speak kindly of the absent, if the absent is a woman.

We do not believe a woman lives who can fulfill these requirements. We challenge her to show herself. If such a one there be.

Read our prize list!  
Heed our defiance!  
Come forward and prove your boasted superiority!

Address all entries to:  
The Perfect Lady Prize Competition,  
Auspices of the Nose and Grindstone Club.

Uncle Peanutbrittle, Recording Angel.

### LETTERS, QUESTIONS, ANSWERS.

#### Free Days at Museum.

To the Editor of The Evening World:  
What days are free at the Metropolitan Museum in Central park?

L. V. C. Hempstead.  
Free Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Saturday from 10 A. M. to 5:30 P. M. and on Monday and Friday from 8 P. M. to 10 P. M. Open on Sunday from 1 P. M. to half an hour before sunset.

#### Misleading Express Signs.

To the Editor of The Evening World:  
On an uptown west side "L" station (which I will not specify as I do not want to get the ticket chopper directly I've been delayed nearly ten minutes for two mornings in succession by tail same ticket chopper's slowness in readjusting the express train schedule after the express had passed. For instance, I got to the station, the station clock said 8:48. The clock was several minutes slow, but I did not know that till later. The express schedule pointed to 8:51 as the time for the next express train. A tenth avenue local was just coming into the station, but I let it go, meaning to catch the express. A minute later the ticket "chopper" showed the express dial sign over to 8:50. The same thing happened next day.

#### LATE TO WORK.

One Year is Period of Mourning for Parent.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Is it proper to wear colors after a year of mourning for a parent?

Mrs. J. W.

#### The America's Cup is of Silver.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

A claims the America's Cup is silver. B claims it is gold. Which is right?

FRANK MCCLAIN.

At Fourteenth St. and First Ave. or Twenty-fourth St. Near Eighth Ave.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Where is the nearest girls' night school to Fifteenth street and Ninth avenue?

A. A. It is Not True.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Please let me know if the story of "Frankenstein" is true—that he made a man out of chemicals, etc.? G. B. K.

Yes.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Have such things as "trained fleas" ever existed? A. R.

Required in Both States.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Is a marriage license required in Rhode Island or Massachusetts? J. E.

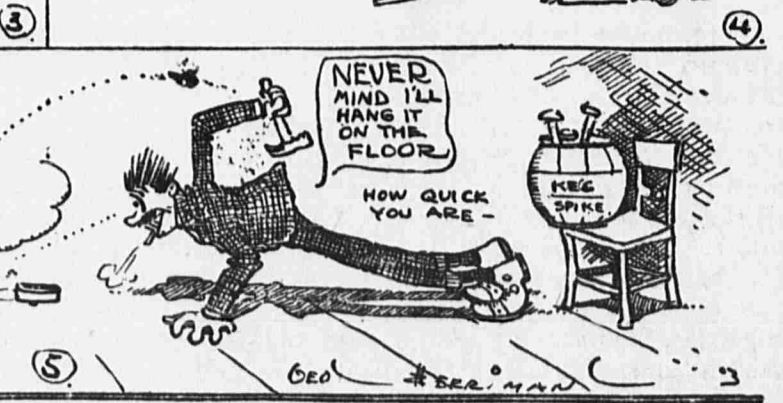
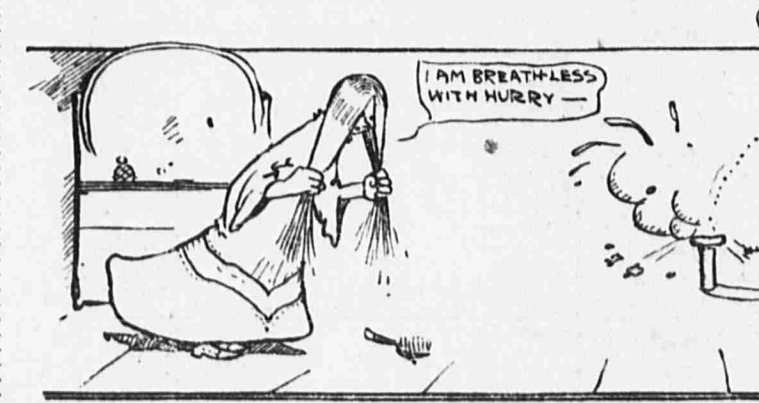
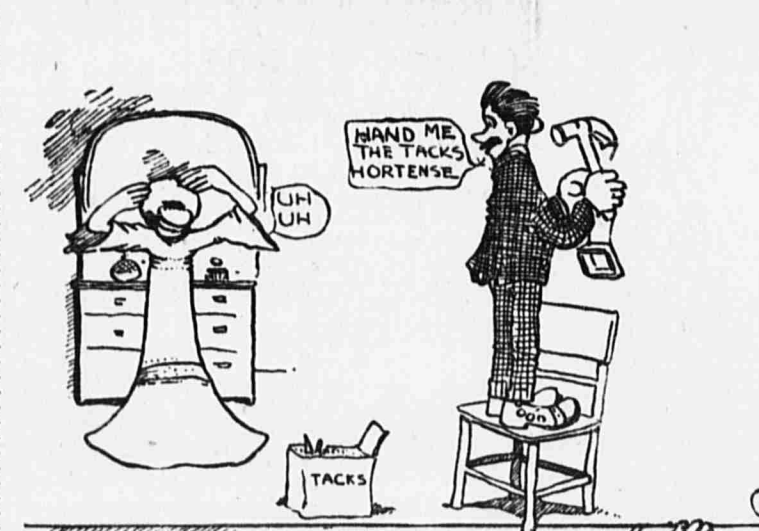
## The Importance of Mr. Peewee, the Great Little Man.

He Essays to Pose as a Glass of Fashion, but Is Betrayed by a "Hand-Me-Down" Tailor.



## Mrs. Waitaminnit--the Woman Who Is Always Late.

She Is Especially Irritating When a Man In a Desperate Fix Needs Assistance In a Hurry.



## Stories Told About New Yorkers.

It was perhaps but natural that so chronic a humorist as Marshall P. Wilder should make his own recent wedding the subject of so many witticisms, but the number of these jokes seems to increase as time goes on. The latest laid to his credit is this: A friend who had been in Europe all summer returned the other day and, meeting the little humorist, congratulated him on his new happiness. "And how did the wedding ceremony go?" inquired the friend. "No hitch, I say," retorted Wilder, wearily, "did you ever hear of a wedding ceremony where it wasn't a case of hitch?"

A man from Pittsburg who has been inquiry, "You got only \$3.50 at the grocery and are getting only \$6 now." "How could I spend it?" questioned young Schwab, seriously. "I buy a few books and put in so much every Sunday at church. What could I do with the rest?"

State Senator Plunkitt was standing last evening at the northwest corner of Fifth street and Eighth avenue, chatting in his usual pleasant way with a couple of friends. He had on a high black hat.

"Beg your pardon, sir," said an old and highly respectable-looking gentleman who happened to be passing by

## The Man Higher Up.

Need of a Humorist For the Mayoralty

"I SEE the District-Attorney accuses the Mayor of being shy a sense of humor," said the Cigar Store Man.

"Yes," answered The Man Higher Up. "Mr. Jerome seems to be sore because the Mayor's letter of acceptance to the fusion conference didn't have a laugh in every line. But even if it was a soggy communication it ranks up with the general run of letters of statesmen. The man in politics who gets a reputation for having a humor faucet in his idea tank is all to the frits. Nobody takes him seriously. Probably the Mayor knows it, and if he has a sense of humor he keeps it chloroformed. Nevertheless, lots of people would like to see a comedian in the Mayor's chair. The District-Attorney isn't playing a lone hand when he throws the harpoon at the Mayor's letter because it doesn't contain a scintilla of humor. Since reading his complaint I've been thinking of what sort of a letter the Mayor might have written to please the District-Attorney. It might read like this:

Dear Cutting—I got your. Here's mine:

"Since blowing back to little old New York from the countryside, where the bees buzz and the cows low and the Mayoralty bee buzzed Seth Low, I have been having long and earnest rag-chewing contests with some of the alleged wise. They seem to agree that an Independent Democrat would have a chance to bring home the goods.

"My Dear Cutting—I got your. Here's mine:

"But I will insist that you nominate the man who is most likely to be elected. A nod is as good as a wink to a blind horse, or even an automobile. It is up to you. You will see very plainly that I am not asking for anything. The office of Mayor of New York is filled with honor too much to allow me to take any other stand. Considering the fact that I have had the job once, it might be considered porcine if I should show undue yearning to be called 'Your Honor' again.

"On the other hand, as the manure lady says, should your conference decide that it is up to me to run again, I don't feel in any way embarrassed about it, you needn't be afraid to hire a messenger boy. You know where I live. And I am not at all shy in stating right here and now that I wouldn't hesitate a minute. In the words of the esteemed G. Washington, I think I could run our standard up the pole so high that no Tammany rocks could hit it.

"Do you want the grafters in again, or do you want an administration so often that you see your face in it? Do you want the city's resources to be administered in the interest of the public treasury, or exercised for the benefit of the few who can get their hooks in? Are we going to have home rule, or are they going to turn the United States into a chess-board and yank the glorious, imperial city around as a mere pawn?"

"Don't forget that I was Mayor of Brooklyn twice and Mayor of Greater New York once. If any man can say that I used my place for partisan purposes or loaned the police force to any political boss, then I am willing to take mine on the solar plexus with all the force the conference can bring to bear.

"If I am renominated, I would like to have Grout and Fournes on the ticket. You know what Grout did two years ago. You don't hope."

"That isn't very dignified," protested The Cigar Store Man. "The District-Attorney doesn't want dignity," said The Man Higher Up. "He wants wit and humor and action. I wouldn't be surprised to find him proposing the following ticket: For Mayor, Lew Dockstader; for Comptroller, Clyde Fitch; for President of the Board of Aldermen, Mark Twain; for Sheriff, Bryan Hughes, the joking box man, and for Borough President, Simon Fort. With this administration the newspapers would pay for official documents at space rates."

### A NARROW ESCAPE.

Gen. Fox, a great connoisseur, one day called at the British Museum to examine the coins there, and when about to leave was informed that a coin was missing and that he must allow himself to be searched before quitting the room. This he refused to do and advised a careful examination of the case in which the coin had lain. His advice was acted upon by the attendant. There in the case, wedged between the velvet lining and the woodwork, the fugitive piece was discovered. Gen. Fox had caused it to slip from its place. "Now," said the General, "I will show you why I refused to be searched." So saying, he produced from his pocket a coin exactly corresponding with the lost and found. There were, he said, so far as he knew, only these two in existence, and he had come specially to compare his own with that possessed by the museum authorities.

### THE EFFECTS OF EMOTION.

The actor's mouth is essentially facial, and not infrequently it exhibits a tendency to turn to one side or the other, says the London Tatler. This is due, in part, to its being constantly used to express emotion and also to the peculiar but no less well-recognized fact that when the mouth is somewhat crooked a greater effect can be produced than when it is opened quite straight. Example after example could be cited, but for obvious reasons names may not be mentioned. At one time it was considered the mark of the low comedian, for nearly every one of them had a mouth twisted either to the right or left, as the result of "mugging." Some of the most serious actors—even those with a reputation for beauty—could, however, be pointed to as possessing the same characteristic, which has also been observed with not a few opera singers of the first rank.

### A HAPPY WOMAN—

Is sweeter than honey. Doesn't know anything about ill omens. Has no room for "bad luck" in her vocabulary. Attracts unhappy people like bees around a flower. Has most likely attained her serene happiness through sorrow. Finds sunshine on the darkest day, or, if there isn't any, she makes some, says the Philadelphia Bulletin. Is the best argument for goodness, gladness and all that makes life worth living. Does people good without ever trying to, and is a constant and unconscious blessing.

### MISSISSIPPI HOUSEBOATS.

There is an especial charm about life on a houseboat on the Mississippi. Unlike houseboats on most bodies of water, they can land whenever they will and enjoy any chance pleasure by the way. Cities are in easy reach, and even a theatre party can be indulged in at short notice. Between St. Paul and St. Louis seven magnificent rivers can be reached by boats passing through more than that number of States. Numerous houseboats are to be used by their owners to visit the St. Louis Exposition next year.

### HOW STATEROOMS WERE NAMED.

When they first had steamboats on the Mississippi River they had no sleeping rooms on board, but later a bright captain conceived the idea of having rooms named for the States through which the boat passed. This proved such a success that travellers always made a rush for the rooms named for their own States and much consequent trouble arose. Finally the State names were discarded, but that was the beginning of staterooms. On some steamers to-day the name "Texas" clings to one room, but it is the room where the crew eat, and travellers are not particularly interested in it.

### THE LIMIT OF HEAT.

Previous to the development of the electric furnace 3,000 degrees Fahrenheit was the highest possible limit of heat. Now electric furnaces produce artificial temperatures far above this limit, which enable us to fuse and otherwise treat commercially such hitherto refractory substances as chromium, platinum, carbon, and it is even possible to fuse the once indestructible crystalline form of that element, the diamond.